

A RAINY EVENING—A SKETCH.

BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

A pleasant little group was gathered around Uncle Ned's domestic hearth. He sat on one side of the fire-place, opposite Aunt Mary, who with her book in her hand, watched the children seated at the table, some reading, others sewing, all occupied but one, a child "of larger growth," a young lady, who being a guest of the family, was suffered to indulge in the pleasures of idleness without reproach.

So the third rainy evening, I put on my overcoat buttoned it up to my chin, and taking my umbrella in my hand, set out in the direction of Mrs. Vane's. Here, thought I, as my fingers pressed the latch, "I shall find the moonlight smile, that will illumine the darkness of my night—the dull vapors will disperse before her radiant glance, and this interminable equinoctial storm be transformed into a mere vernal shower melting away in sunbeams in her presence." My gentle knock not being apparently heard, I stepped into the ante-room set down my umbrella, took off my drenched overcoat, arranged my hair in the most graceful manner, and claiming a privilege, to which perhaps I had no legitimate right, opened the door of the family sitting room, and found myself in the presence of the beautiful Theresa.

Here Uncle Ned made a provoking pause. "Pray go on," "How was she dressed?" "And was she glad to see you?" assailed him on every side.

to the forfeited privileges of an old acquaintance. I was understood in a moment, and without a single reproach, was admitted again to confidence and familiarity. The hours I had wasted with Theresa seemed a kind of mesmeric slumber, a blank in my existence, or, at least, a feverish dream. "What do you think of a rainy evening Mary?" asked I, before I left her.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE. In Callaghan's Messenger we find the following extraordinary narrative, illustrative of the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

"SAM SLICK" IN ENGLAND. Judge Harrison has just concluded a new volume of his celebrated series of Sam Slick. It is termed "The Attacks on Sam Slick in England," and gives some racy sketches of English society and manners. We subjoin an extract admirably illustrative of the characters of the two principal personages, Sam and Mr. Hopewell, both intended by the author for "Yankees."

And Mary smiled, but it is more than probable that George really thieved one of the hidden springs of her woman's heart, for she looked down and wept.

Thus sung a poetical sugarcane-seller the other day, and ere the last notes died away in the distance, he was stopped by the loud clack, eager looks and watery mouths of a cluster of school girls, just emerging from their seminary on the "possoa," to seek in the open air relaxation, after their long hours of study.

And off he went, with a hop, skip and jump, leaving me and the girl to listen to his shrill cry again of "canita! canita! canita!"

CHICKAMICOMICO. Don't you recollect this terribly long word, in good old Noah Webster's good old spelling book, where it stood in the same category with those other juvenile jaw crackers, Canajoharie and Michilimackinac?

AN OLD TURTLE. Mr. Entick: I send you an account of an old land turtle, for which I think there was some inquiry in the Memorial a few months since. A part of the account is taken from the Massachusetts Gazetteer, an old publication.